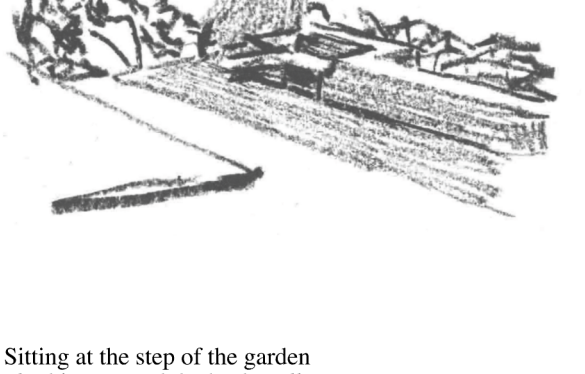


A wall no more

For Andreas Karayan, past resident of Ouzounian street

Coexistence story 1



Sitting at the step of the garden
looking toward the back wall
The streets beyond lie empty
the front of the house still as dust

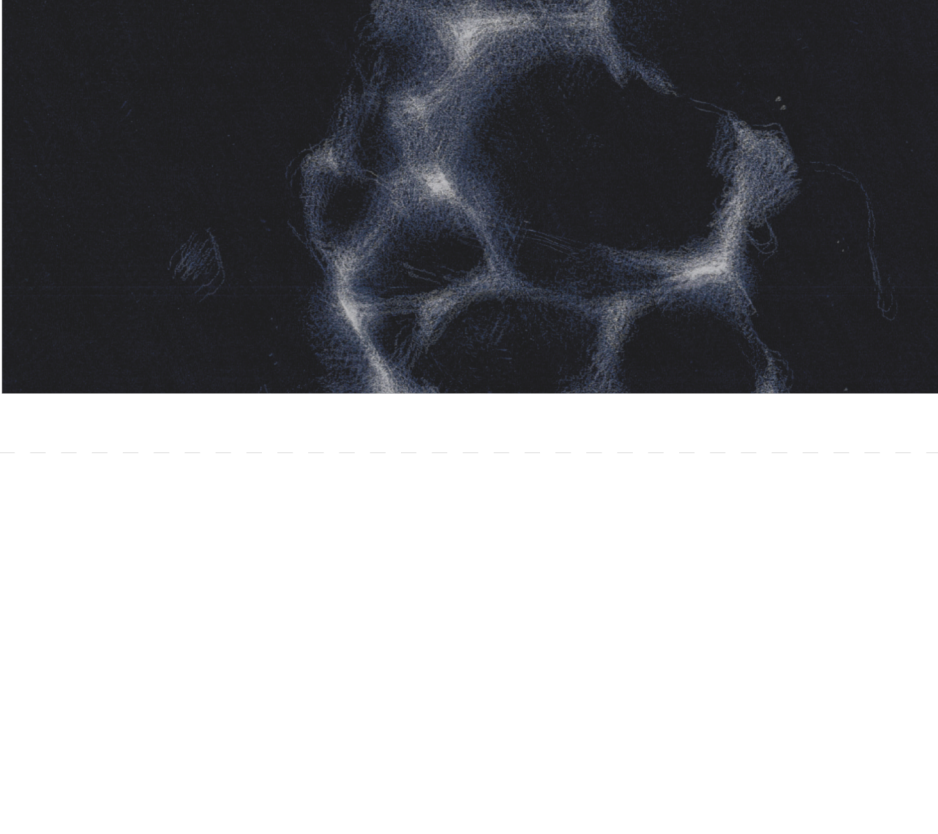
All the life gathers here
behind the walls, where shade
lingers

Across the hedge, he calls
my neighbour, my friend , as he does each
evening

A few words, barely a sound
but enough to start our little ritual
again

I follow the voice
move towards the back wall
rough and grainy, scraping by the touch

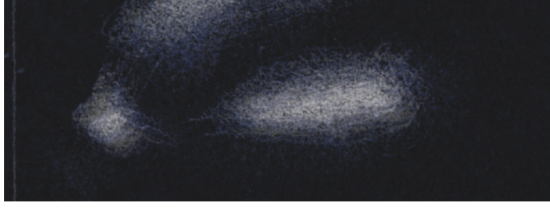
My fingers find its chipped spots
where stone beneath is exposed
they trace familiar grooves
the same ones we've used all along
and i start moving, upwards



[21:01:37] Breath 1

I grab the stone in front of me
cold, gritty, solid beneath my hand

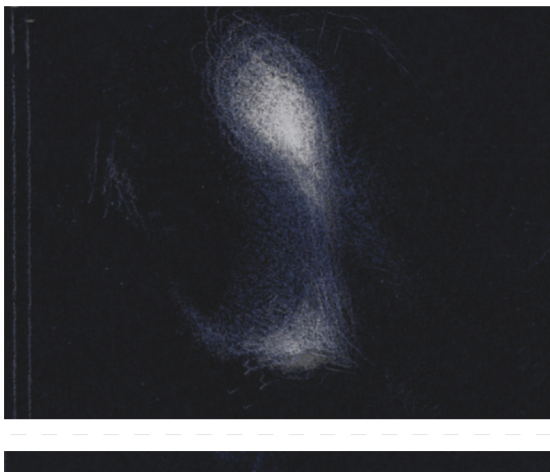
I glance up
where the roof tiles line the top
of the wall
we moved some of them weeks ago
just enough to make space to pass



[21:01:43] Breath 2

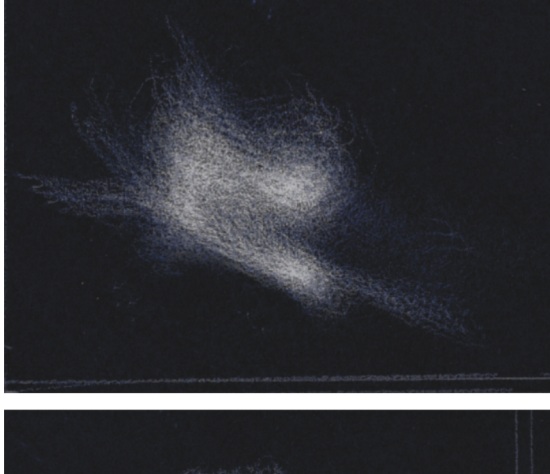
I place my foot
pull myself higher
My foot slips for a second
before finding the groove again

i ascend



[21:02:02] Breath 5

My fingers reach the top edge
where tiles meet stone
the uneven join of clay and rock
beneath my grip

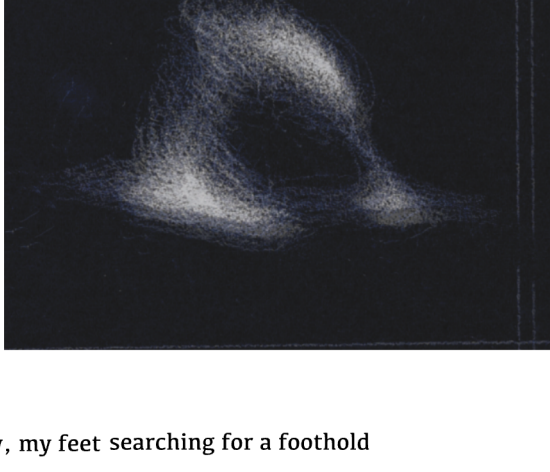


[21:02:05] Breath 6

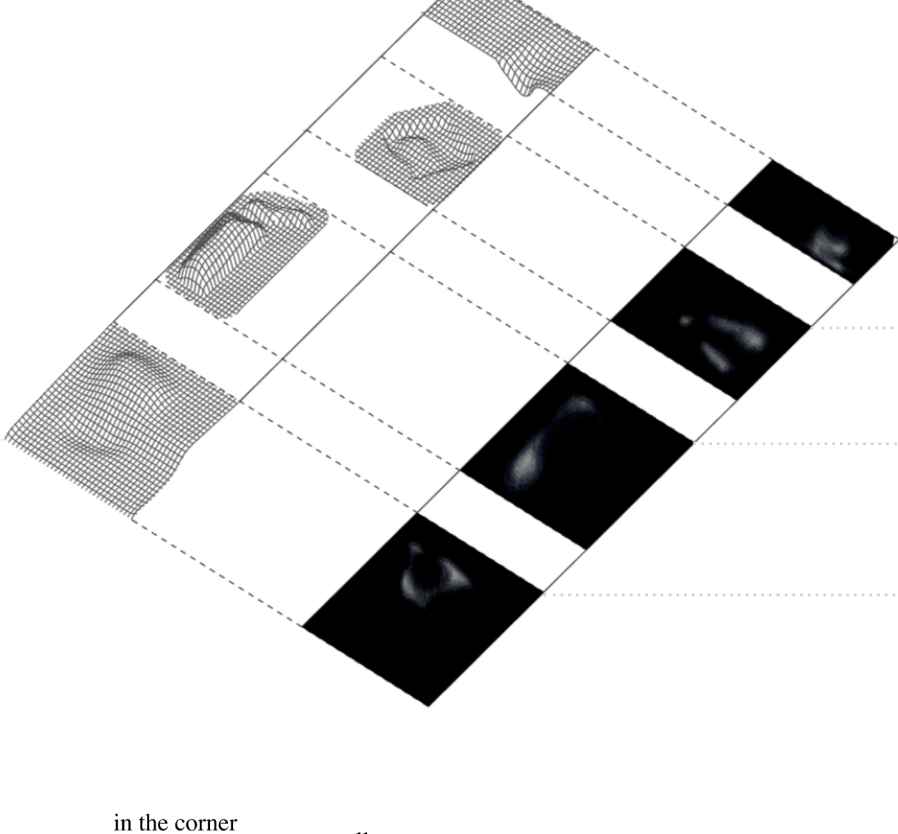
last push up
hoisting myself onto the wall
its top is thick
wide enough for me to sit
not without a little fear

I swing my leg up first then the
rest of me follows my chest

scraping against the rough stone
as I pull myself forward
tiles shift slightly under my
weight
heart skips



I lower myself slowly, my feet searching for a foothold
the chair my friend has placed long ago
it hasn't moved
and, hopefully, it won't



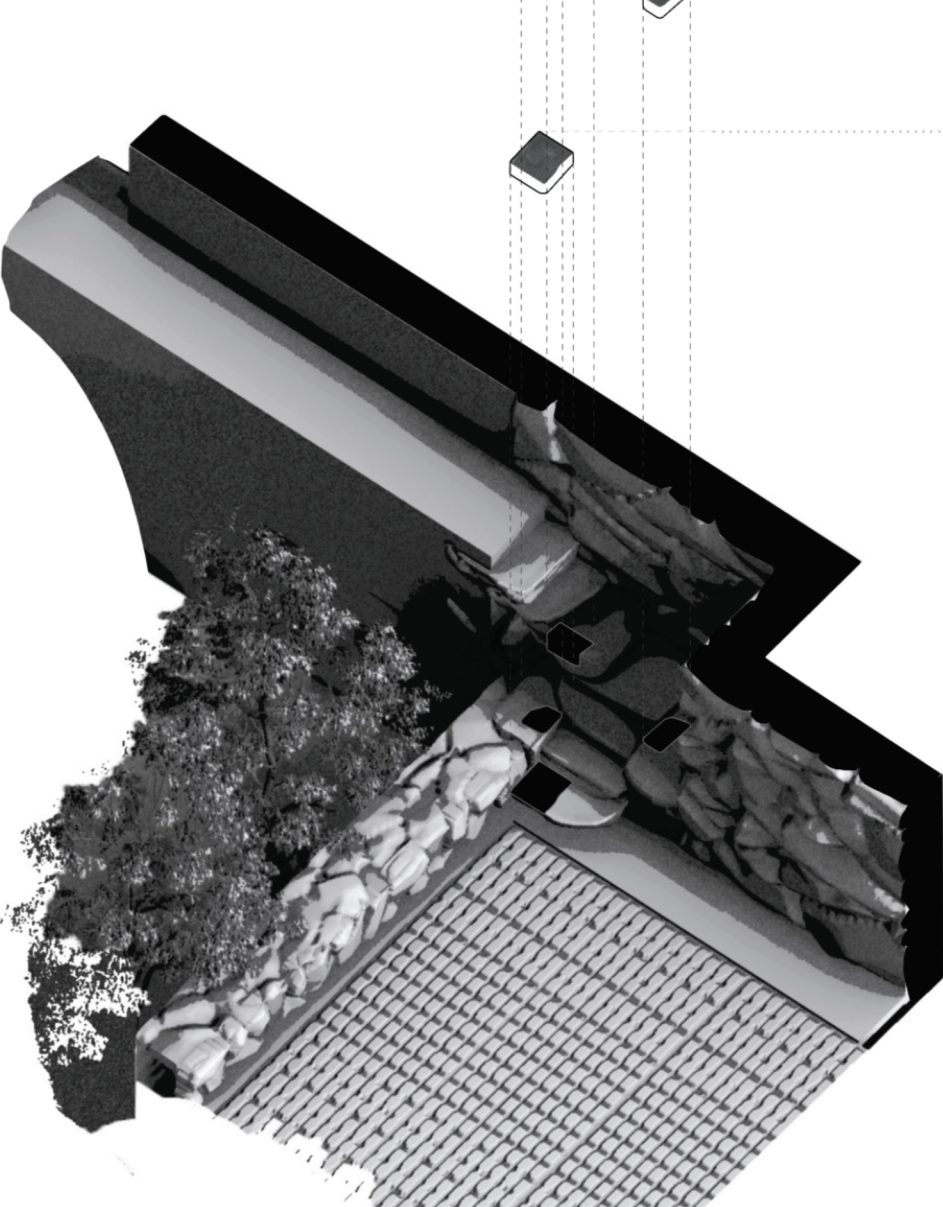
in the corner a stone wall
not dividing, but allowing
face worn smooth,

steps carved shallow into stone
enough for a foot
for movement through

and along their edges
tiles pressed
carrying traces

marks

stories



To build a meeting place

For Zihni Kalmaz, past resident of the Famagusta gate area

Coexistence story 2

To build a meeting spot
you'll need

- 1. a cul-de-sac
- 2. two or more neighbouring houses
- 3. two or more tsaeres
- 4. an appropriate corner
- 5. your craft equipment

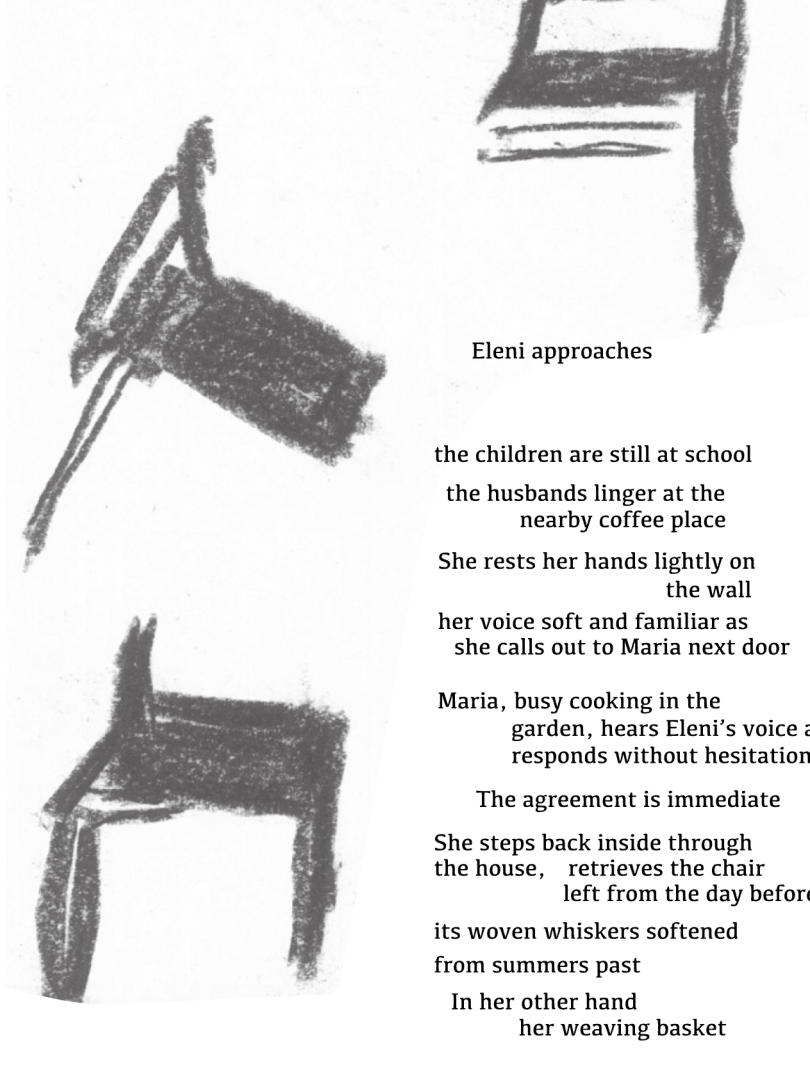
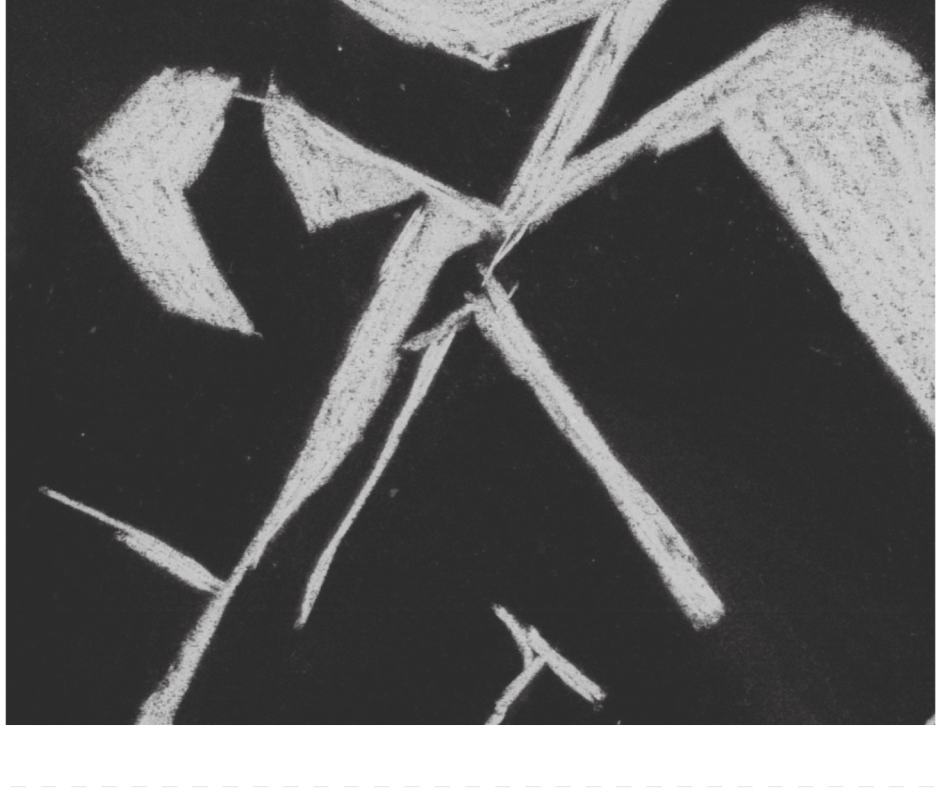
In the quiet of the afternoon
when the light stretches long and slow
they gather

each stepping out from their homes
once the heat finally loosens its hold

Without hurry
their footsteps a familiar rhythm against the stones

I have known them for years
the scrape of their chairs across the stones
their laughter
their focused hands

coming together in the cool of the evening



Eleni approaches

the children are still at school
the husbands linger at the
nearby coffee place

She rests her hands lightly on
the wall

her voice soft and familiar as
she calls out to Maria next door

Maria, busy cooking in the
garden, hears Eleni's voice and
responds without hesitation

The agreement is immediate

She steps back inside through
the house, retrieves the chair
left from the day before

its woven whiskers softened
from summers past

In her other hand
her weaving basket

The door creaks

Maria steps out carrying her own chair with
careful precision

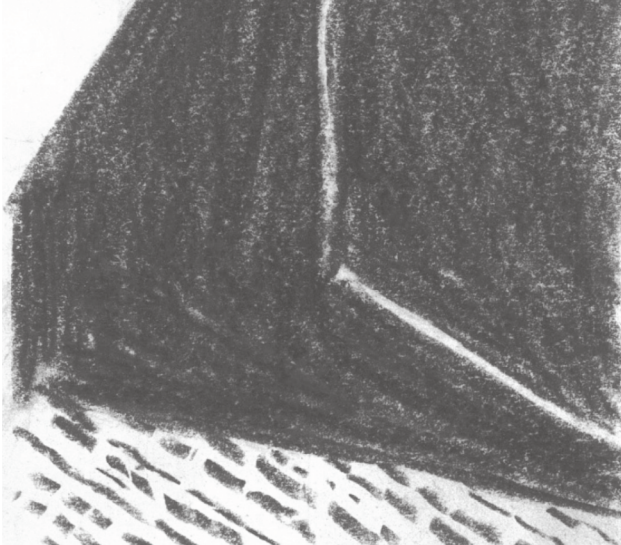
They greet each other with warm smiles

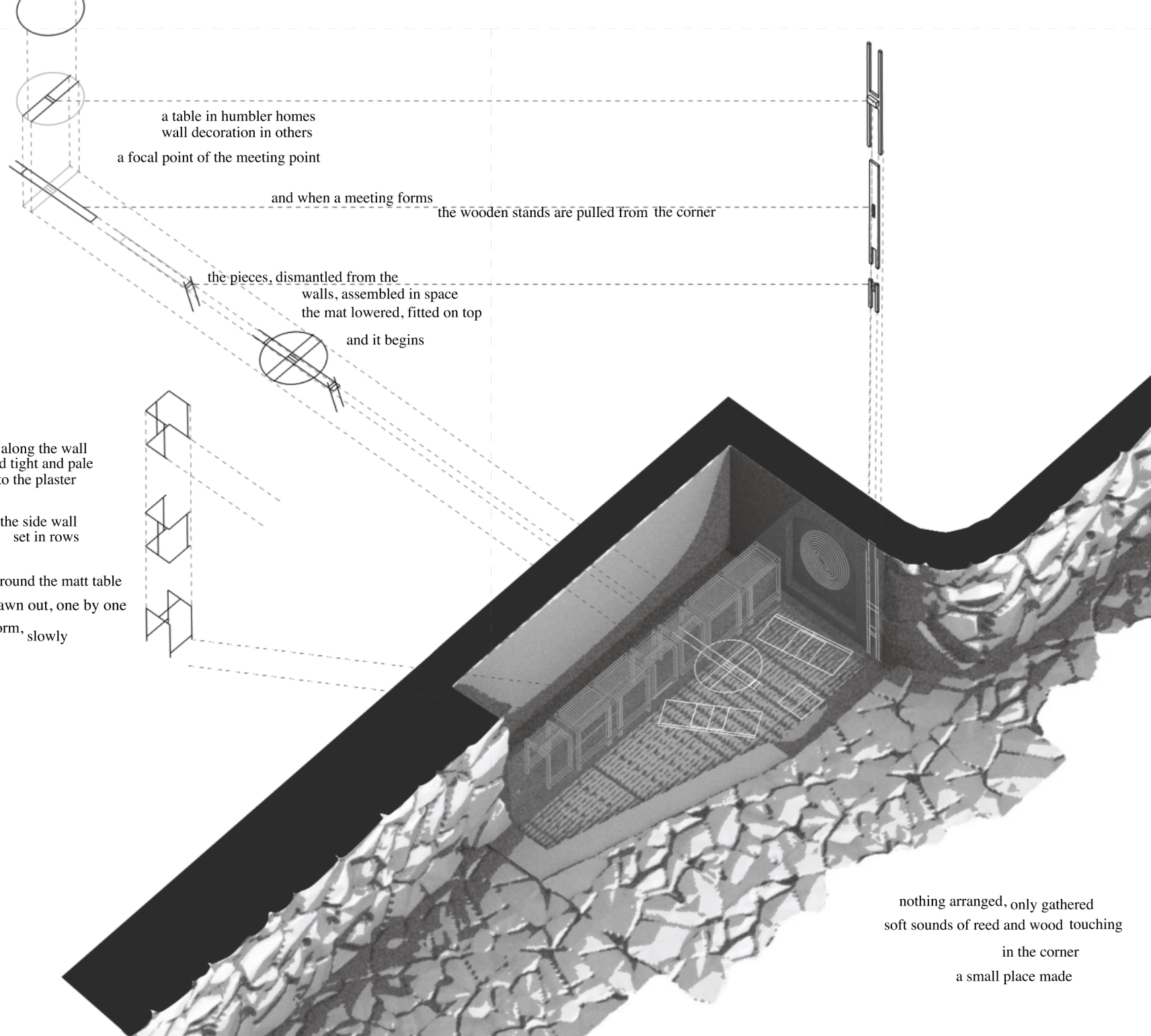
their voices bright as if they had been apart for
years

They place chairs together outside of the corner house
and knock the door

they arrange their chairs in the
usual spot
just by the corner
where the light lingers longest
in front of Ayesha's
doorstep

Once she joins their ritual of
care and chatter
can finally begin





a table in humbler homes
wall decoration in others
a focal point of the meeting point

and when a meeting forms
the wooden stands are pulled from the corner

the pieces, dismantled from the
walls, assembled in space
the mat lowered, fitted on top
and it begins

woven stools rest along the wall
their strands of reed tight and pale
their colour close to the plaster

when folded
they hug the side wall
set in rows

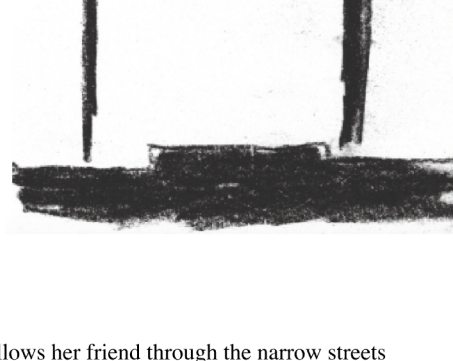
when unfolded
they gather round the matt table
stools drawn out, one by one
taking form, slowly

nothing arranged, only gathered
soft sounds of reed and wood touching
in the corner
a small place made

Overhead dreams

For Andry Michaelidou, past student of Ayios Kassianos school

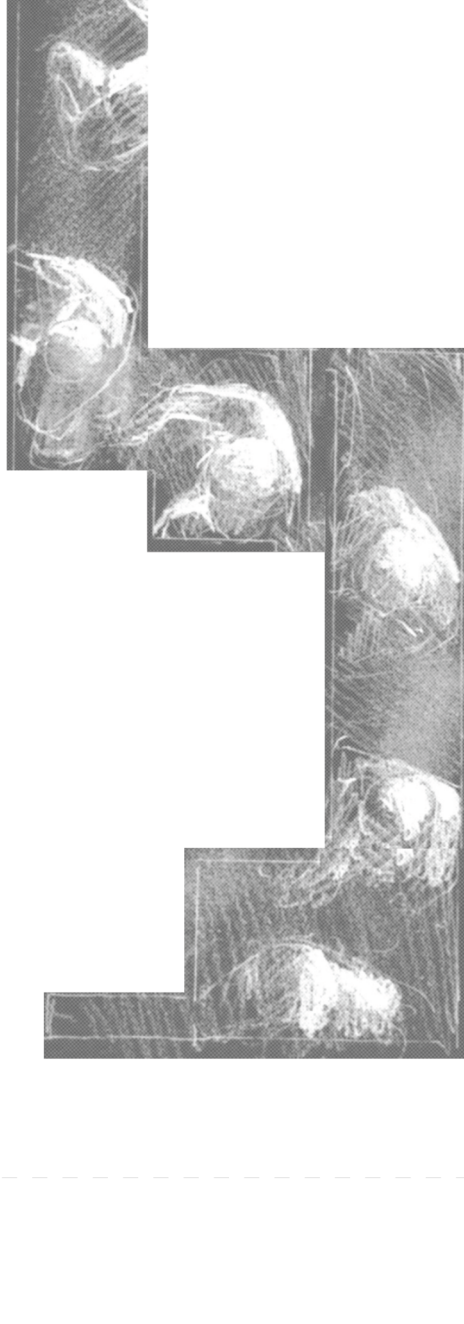
Coexistence story 3



She follows her friend through the narrow streets
balconies tilt above them
wood weathered
delicate ironwork, curling in intricate patterns

small pots of green clinging to their edges
shutters swing open and closed
the warmth of the afternoon sun pressed into the walls

Her friend tugs her forward and she moves
oh the life these walls enclose
she thinks



reaching her friends house
they enter the iliakos

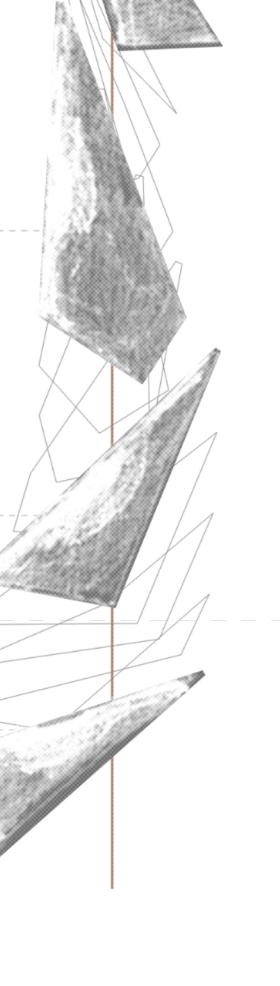
cool terrazzo underfoot
speckled with faintly shimmering
fragments of marble

with the first step onto the stair
The warmth of the afternoon sun,
held tightly by the stone
its texture smooth a surprise

The steps were wide, their edges
worn smooth by years of footsteps
The wrought-iron railing snaked
alongside her
cool beneath her fingertips, steady

Higher,
the spiral narrowed

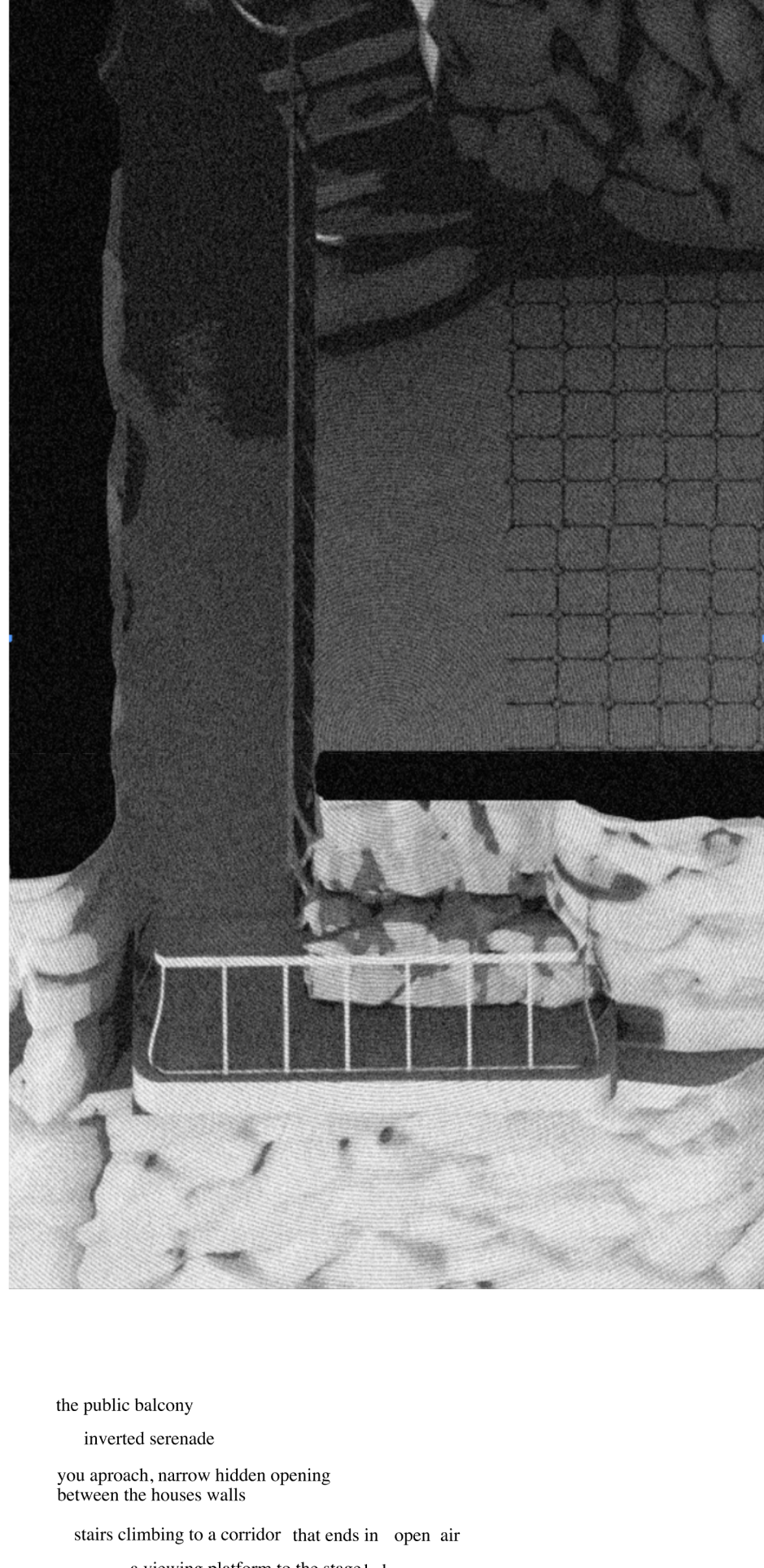
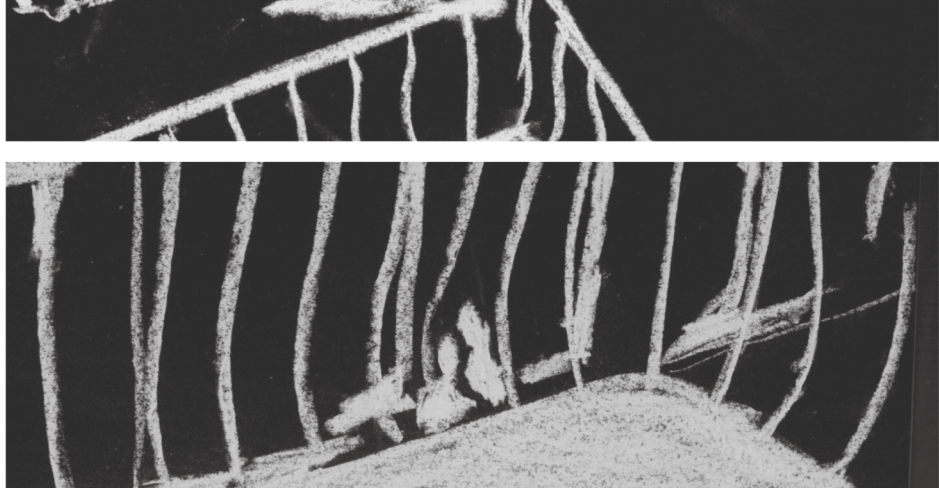
The steps grew thinner steeper
until they met the dark wood of
the upper floor



The balcony opens from the sitting room
wooden shutters thrown wide to
catch the breeze

Elena stepped onto its terracotta
tiles, still warm from the sun
Below, the street murmured with voices
the creak of a cart
a distant clang
you lean on the parapet, silent

the world unfolding beneath
unaware



the public balcony
inverted serenade

you aproach, narrow hidden opening
between the houses walls

stairs climbing to a corridor that ends in open air
a viewing platform to the stage below
the street
the best story told

the walls of the balcony frame
restrict, allow

you settle
as the city unfolds

